

The manie colour'd Iris rounds thine eye?

Why, that you are my daughter?

Hell. That I am not.

Old. Cou. I say I am your Mother,
Hell. Pardon Madam.

The Count *Reillon* cannot be my brother:
I am from humble, he from honored name:
No note vpon my Parents, his all noble,
My Master, my deere Lord he is, and I
His seruant liue, and will his vassall die:
He must not be my brother.

Ol. Cou. Nor I your Mother.

Hell. You are my mother Madam, would you were
So that my Lord your sonne were not my brother,
Indeede my mother, or were you both our mothers,
I care no more for, then I doe for heauen,
So I were not his sister, can't no other,
But I your daughter, he must be my brother.
Old. Cou. Yes *Hellen*, you might be my daughter in law,
God shiold you meane it not, daughter and mother
So strue vpon your pulse; vwhat pale agen?
My feare hath catcht your fondnesse! now I see
The mistrie of your louelineffe, and finde
Your salt teares head, now to all fence 'tis grosse:
You loue my sonne, inuention is asham'd
Against the proclamation of thy passion
To say thou doost not: therefore tell me true,
But tell me then 'tis so, for looke, thy cheekes
Confesse it 'ton tooth to th'other, and thine eyes
See it so grossely showne in thy behauiours,
That in their kinde they speake it, onely sinne
And hellish obstinacie tye thy tongue
That truth should be suspected, speake, ift so?
If it be so, you haue wound a goodly clewe:
If it be not, forswear't how ere I charge thee,
As heauen shall worke in me for thine auail
To tell me truelie.

Hell. Good Madam pardon me.

Con. Do you loue my Sonne?

Hell. Your pardon noble Mistris.

Con. Loue you my Sonne?

Hell. Doe not you loue him Madam?

Con. Goe not about; my loue hath in't a bond.

Whereof the world takes note: Come, come, disclose:
The state of your affection, for your passions
Haue to the full appeach'd.

Hell. Then I confesse

Here on my knee, before high heauen and you,
That before you, and next vnto high heauen, I loue your
Sonne:

My friends were poore but honest, so's my loue:
Be not offended, for it hurts nor him
That he is lou'd of me; I follow him not
By any token of presumptuous suite,
Nor would I haue him, till I doe deserue him,
Yet neuer know how that desert should be:
I know I loue in vaine, strue against hope:
Yet in this captious, and intemible siue.
I still poure in the waters of my loue
And lacke not to loose still; thus *Indian* like
Religious in mine error, I adore
The Sunne that lookes vpon his worshipper,
But knowes of him no more. My deereft Madam,
Let not your hate incounter with my loue,
For louing where you doe; but if your selfe,
Whose aged honor cites a vertuous youth,

Did euer, in so true a flame of liking,
With chastly, and loue dearly, that your *Dian*
Was both her selfe and loue, O then giue pittie
To her whole state is such, that cannot choose
But lend and giue where she is sure to loose;
That seekes not to finde that, her search implies,
But riddle like, liues sweetly where she dies.

Con. Had you not lately an intent, speake truely,
To goe to *Paris*?

Hell. Madam I had.

Con. Wherefore? tell true.

Hell. I will tell truth, by grace it selfe I sweare:
You know my Father left me some prescriptions
Of rare and prou'd effects, such as his reading
And manifest experience, had collected
For generall soueraignie; and that he wil'd me
In heede full't reservation to bestow them,
As notes, whose faculties in cluue were,
More then they were in note: Amongst the rest,
There is a remedie, approu'd, set downe,
To cure the desperate languishings whereof
The King is render'd lost.

Con. This was your motiue for *Paris*, was it, speake?

Hell. My Lord, your sonne, made me to think of this;
Else *Paris*, and the medicine, and the King,
Had from the conuerfation of my thoughts,
Happily bene absent then.

Con. But thinke you *Hellen*,

If you should tender your supposed aide,
He would receiue it? He and his Phisitions
Are of a minde, he, that they cannot helpe him:
They, that they cannot helpe, how shall they credit
A poore vnlearn'd Virgin, when the Schooles
Embowel'd of their doctrine, haue left off
The danger to it selfe.

Hell. There's something in't

More then my Fathers skill, which was the great't
Of his profession, that his good receipt,
Shall for my legacie be sanctified
By th'luckiest stars in heauen; and would your honor
But giue me leaue to trie successe, I'd venture
The well lost life of mine, on his Graces cure,
By such a day, an houre.

Con. Doo'st thou beleue't?

Hell. I Madam knowingly.

Con. Why *Hellen* thou shalt haue my leaue and loue,
Meanes and attendants, and my louing greetings
To those of mine in Court, Ile staie at home
And praie Gods blessing ino thy attempt:
Begon to morrow, and be sure of this,
What I can helpe thee to, thou shalt not misse. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus.

Enter the King with diuers yong Lords, taking leave for
the Florentine warre: Count, Rosse, and
Parrelles. Flourish Cornets.

King. Farewell yong Lords, these warlike principles
Doe not throw from you, and you my Lords farewell:
Share the aduice betwixt you, if both gaine, all
The guift doth stretch it selfe as 'tis receiu'd,
And is enough for both.

Lord. G. 'Tis our hope sir,

After

After well entred souldiers, to returne
And finde your grace in health.

King. No, no, it cannot be; and yet my heart
Will not confesse he owes the mallady

That doth my life besiege: farwell yong Lords,
Whether I liue or die, be you the sonnes
Of worthy French men: let higher Italy
(Those bated that inherit but the fall
Of the last Monarchy) see that you come
Not to wooe honour, but to wed it, when
The brauest quefant shrinks: finde what you seek,
That fame may cry you loud: I say farewell.

L. G. Health at your bidding serue your Maiefty.

King. Those girles of Italy, take heed of them,

They say our French, lacke language to deny

If they demand: beware of being Captiues

Before you serue.

Bo. Our hearts receiue your warnings.

King. Farewell, come hether to me.

1. La. G. Oh my sweet Lord you wil stay behind vs.

2. La. E. 'Tis not his fault the spark.

3. La. E. Oh 'tis braue warres.

Par. Most admirable, I haue scene those warres.

Rosse. I am commanded here, and kept a coyle with,

Too young, and the next yeere, and 'tis too early.

Par. And thy minde stand too't boy,

Steale away brauely.

Rosse. I shal stay here the for-horse to a smocke,

Creeking my shooes on the plaine Masonry,

Till honour be bought vp, and no sword worne

But one to dance with: by heauen, Ile steale away.

1. La. G. There's honour in the theft.

Par. Commit it Count.

2. La. E. I am your accessary, and so farewell.

Rosse. I grow to you, & our parting is a tortur'd body.

1. La. G. Farewell Capitaine.

2. La. E. Sweet Mounfier *Parolles*.

Par. Noble *Heroes*; my sword and yours are kinne,

good sparkes and lustrous, a word good mettals. You

shall finde in the Regiment of the Spiniij, one Capitaine

Spurio his sicatrice, with an Embleme of warre heere on

his finisier cheek; it was this very sword entrench'd it:

say to him I liue, and obserue his reports for me.

La. G. We shall noble Capitaine.

Par. Mars doate on you for his nouices, what will

ye doe?

Rosse. Stay the King.

Par. Vse a more spacious ceremonie to the Noble

Lords, you haue restrain'd your selfe within the List of

too cold an adieu: be more expresse to them; for they

wear themselves in the cap of the time, there do muster

true gate; eat, speake, and moue vnder the influence of

the most receiu'd starre, and though the deuill leade the

measure, such are to be followed: after them, and take a

more dilated farewell.

Rosse. And I will doe so.

Par. Worthy fellowes, and like to prooue most fi-

newie sword-men. *Exeunt.*

Enter *Lafew*.

L. Laf. Pardon my Lord for mee and for my tidings.

King. Ile see thee to stand vp. (pardon,

L. Laf. Then heres a man stands that has brought his

I would you had kneel'd my Lord to aske me mercy,

And that at my bidding you could so stand vp.

King. I would I had, so I had broke thy pate

And aske thee mercy

Laf. Goodfaith a

Will you be cur'd of

King. No.

Laf. O will you e

Yes but you will, my

My royall foxe could

That's able to breath

Quicken a rocke, and

With sprightly fire a

Is powerfull to aray

To giue great *Charles*

And write to her a lo

King. What her is

Laf. Why doctor

If you will see her: no

If seriously I may con

In this my light delu

With one, that in her

Wisedome and const

Then I dare blame m

For that is her deman

That done, laugh wel

King. Now good

Bring in the admirati

May spend our wond

By wondring how th

Laf. Nay, Ile fit

And not be all day no

King. Thus he hi

Laf. Nay, come

King. This haste

Laf. Nay, come

This is his Maiefty,

A Traitor you doe lo

His Maiefty seldom

That dare leaue two

King. Now faire

Hell. I my good

Gerard de Narbon wa

In what he did profe

King. I knew him

Hell. The rather

Knowing him is eno

Many receipts he gau

Which as the deare

And of his olde exp

He bad me store vp,

Safer then mine own

And hearing your hi

With that malignan

Of my deare fathers

I come to tender it,

With all bound hum

King. We thank

But may not be so c

When our most lear

The congregated C

That labouring Art

From her inaydible

So staine our iudgm

To prostitute our pa

To empericks, or to

Our great selfe and

A fencelesse helpe, w